

The Emmentate Quaker.

An ACCOUNT of the Strange and wonderful Manner

How one

Mrs. COCKBID,

One of those People called QUAKERS,

The Wife of an eminent Glover, at the *Hand and Glove* in *Low-Holborn*, was found miserably scorch'd and parch'd to DEATH, her Night-rail, the Handkerchief about her Neck and Head-cloaths being intirely BURN'T, tho' none of the Woollen in the least touch'd, after she had been left not much above a Quarter of an Hour in a Room belonging to a Washer-woman, whom she came to visit, lodging at the Chandlers Shop over-against *Elly-house*, altho' there was scarce any Fire in the Grate; with this further heightening Circumstance of Wonder, viz. The Child that was left with her being found Crying on its Back in the middle of the Room, &c.

13. November, 1697.

Amongst all the Instances of Divine Judgment, that Heaven has been pleas'd to execute in this sinful Age, either as Punishments to particular Persons, or Warnings to others; none hath been more amazing, strange and terrible, than the ensuing Relation I am about to make, all Circumstances duly weigh'd and consider'd: And, however some augment or subtracts to or from Accidents of this Nature, according to Popular Fancy, yet I shall endeavour (on the best Credit) only to relate plain Matter of Fact, and so leave every Person to make such Comments thereon as his own Reason shall best guide and direct him.

At the Sign of the *Hand and Glove*, in *Lower-Holborn*, lives one Cockbid, a Person of good Fame and Reputation, by Profession a Glover, and by Religion (*si fas sit ita loqui*) one in Communion with the People called Quakers. This unhappy Gentleman's Wife, on Friday last, the 12th of this instant November, went to visit an Acquaintance and Customer of theirs, one Mrs. Slip, a Lodger at the Chandlers Shop, opposite to *Elly-house*, and one who follow'd the Occupation of washing Gloves. This Quaker-woman (the Glover's Wife, as aforesaid) had not long since (as I am reputably inform'd, in common Chat about the Affairs of the World with this Washer of Gloves, ere this said Washer had occasion to go to a Friend's House in *Field-lane*: Her Business requiring no long tarryance, she left the Quaker with her Child in the Room, sitting by a little Fire in a very small Grate. Half an Hour was the very utmost of her absence: yet, when she return'd, to her inexpressible trouble, fright and amazement, she found the unhappy Quaker miserably scorch'd to Death; with these very strange and astonishing Circumstances:

Her Face and Throat dreadfully scorch'd, or parch'd; her Night-rail, Handkerchief, and Head-cloaths intirely burn't; but the rest of her Cloaths, that is her Woollens, without the least sympathy of Fire discernable; and all this without any Fire in the Room morally possible to effect it, altho' such a dead Sleep or Drowsiness had seiz'd her, that she had fallen into it: And what infinitely more added to the Wonder was, that the Child, left with her, was found thrown on its Back in the midst of the Room, whole crying after the Mother, who was come into her Landlady the Chandlers Shop, hasten'd her up.

It seems to me indeed a very strange Accident, that only her Night-rail, the Handkerchief about her Neck, and her Head-cloaths should be burn'd, without prejudice to her Woollens, since Fire, like Death, is of that devouring Quality, that it spares nothing, but equally where its furious Fumes have got the ascendant, consumes Ermins and Vermin; Linnen and Woollen, Silks and Satin, as well as Rags and Fatters.

Various are the Conjectures of People on this unhappy Occasion, especially since the Subject was one of the Pure Fold, those Unspotted Lambs, the Quakers: But, indeed, tho' some would insinuate, *That the Woman had taken too large a Dram of that burning Liquor call'd Brandy, and consequently, in Judgment to which, that this more terrible Fire had consum'd her*, yet, upon the strictest Enquiry, we find her no ways addicted to such Beastial Excess. And I could wish all the Pious Sisters of that Communion had no greater Blots in their Scutcheon than she had.

To be brief, I shall only remind such Conjecturers of what Christ told his Disciples in the 13th of Luke, when some told him of the Galileans, whose Blood Pilate had mingled with their Sacrifice, *Suppose ye (quoth he) that those Galileans, because they suffer'd such things, were Sinners above all the Galileans? I tell you nay; but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Or those eighteen upon whom the Tower of Siloam fell, and slew them, think you they were sinners above all that dwell in Jerusalem? I tell you nay. I heartily desire all Christians would make a due Improvement of Gods Judgments, and that those of this Sort would more particularly take notice of this; for as I am far from fading the Memory of the deceased with unjust Imputations, so I am far from asserting the innocence of that Tribe, well knowing the Partial Garb and Drimure Lay amongst them, too too often but the Cloak of vile Iniquities.*

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